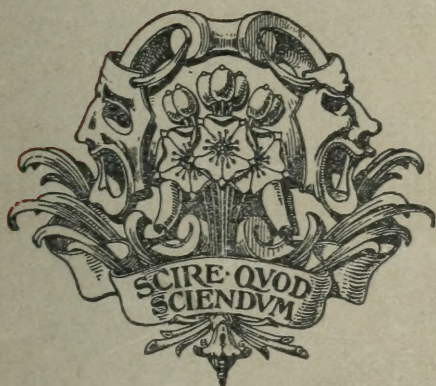
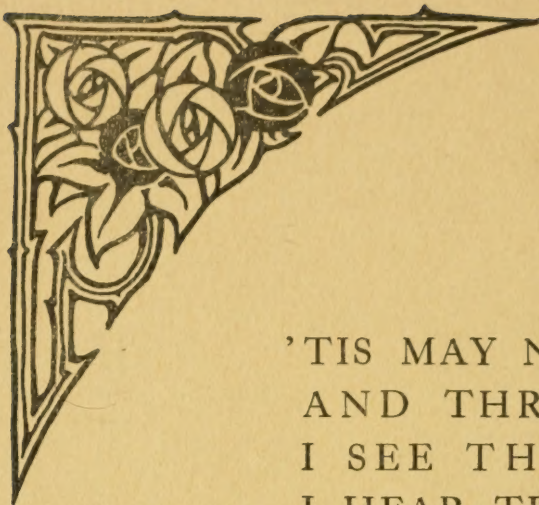


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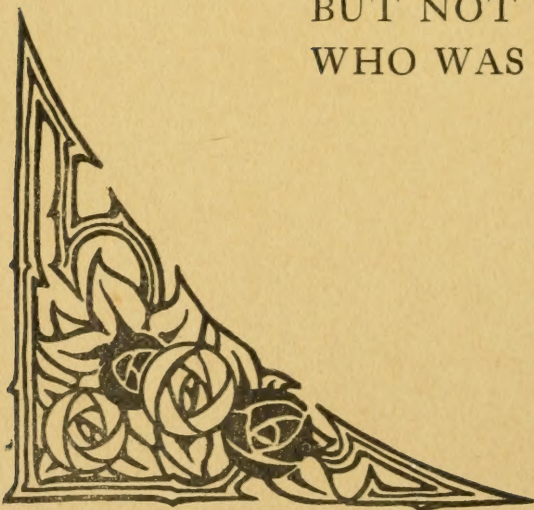
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1912



'TIS MAY NOW IN—  
AND THROUGH—  
I SEE THE CRE—  
I HEAR THE HOL—

BACK TO THE GO—  
COMES SUMMER—  
BUT NOT THE GO—  
WHO WAS THE SU—





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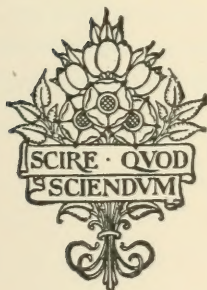
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ECHOES  
FROM  
VAGABONDIA

BLISS CARMAN



BOSTON  
SMALL, MAYNARD AND COMPANY  
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1912

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*To J. M. G., a spirit undismayed,  
Bright as the day with warm and generous aid,  
Happy as morning where the river shines,  
Serene as sunset through her Belmont pines.  
Confronting fortune with a gentle mirth,  
With equal love for Heaven and for Earth;  
Thinking no ill, going her duteous ways,  
Sheer loveliness about her all her days;  
Quick to respond, unfailing to inspire,  
Serving the hearthstone with celestial fire;  
With tender strength she plays her quiet part,  
A child of transport with a woman's heart.*

*Northampton,  
Massachusetts,  
August, 1912*



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ECHOES FROM VAGABONDIA



## SPRING'S SARABAND.

OVER the hills of April  
With soft winds hand in hand,  
Impassionate and dreamy-eyed,  
Spring leads her saraband.  
Her garments float and gather  
And swirl along the plain,  
Her headgear is the golden sun,  
Her cloak the silver rain.

With color and with music,  
With perfumes and with pomp,  
By meadowland and upland,  
Through pasture, wood, and swamp,  
With promise and enchantment  
Leading her mystic mime,  
She comes to lure the world anew  
With joy as old as time.

Quick lifts the marshy chorus  
To transport, trill on trill;  
There's not a rod of stony ground  
Unanswering on the hill.  
The brooks and little rivers  
Dance down their wild ravines,  
And children in the city squares  
Keep time, to tambourines.

The bluebird in the orchard  
Is lyrical for her,  
The starling with his meadow pipe  
Sets all the wood astir,  
The hooded white spring-beauties  
Are curtsying in the breeze,  
The blue hepaticas are out  
Under the chestnut trees.

*Spring's  
Saraband.* The maple buds make glamor,  
Viburnum waves its bloom,  
The daffodils and tulips  
Are risen from the tomb.  
The lances of Narcissus  
Have pierced the wintry mold;  
The commonplace seems paradise  
Through veils of greening gold.

O heart, hear thou the summons,  
Put every grief away,  
When all the motley masques of earth  
Are glad upon a day.  
Alack, that any mortal  
Should less than gladness bring  
Into the choral joy that sounds  
The saraband of spring !

#### THE FLUTE OF SPRING.

I KNOW a shining meadow stream  
That winds beneath an Eastern hill,  
And all year long in sun or gloom  
Its murmuring voice is never still.

The summer dies more gently there,  
The April flowers are earlier, —  
The first warm rain-wind from the Sound  
Sets all their eager hearts astir.

And there when lengthening twilights fall  
As softly as a wild bird's wing,  
Across the valley in the dusk  
I hear the silver flute of spring.

### DAFFODIL'S RETURN.

WHAT matter if the sun be lost?  
What matter though the sky be gray?  
There's joy enough about the house,  
For Daffodil comes home to-day.

There's news of swallows on the air,  
There's word of April on the way,  
They're calling flowers within the street,  
And Daffodil comes home to-day.

O who would care what fate may bring,  
Or what the years may take away!  
There's life enough within the hour,  
For Daffodil comes home to-day.

### THE URBAN PAN.

ONCE more the magic days are come  
With stronger sun and milder air;  
The shops are full of daffodils;  
There's golden leisure everywhere.  
I heard my Lou this morning shout:  
"Here comes the hurdy-gurdy man!"  
And through the open window caught  
The piping of the urban Pan.

I laid my wintry task aside,  
And took a day to follow joy:  
The trail of beauty and the call  
That lured me when I was a boy.  
I looked, and there looked up at me  
A smiling, swarthy, hairy man  
With kindling eye — and well I knew  
The piping of the urban Pan.

*The Urban* He caught my mood: his hat was off;  
*Pan.* I tossed the ungrudged silver down.  
The cunning vagrant, every year  
He casts his spell upon the town!  
And we must fling him, old and young,  
Our dimes or coppers, as we can;  
And every heart must leap to hear  
The piping of the urban Pan.

The music swells and fades again,  
And I in dreams am far away,  
Where a bright river sparkles down  
To meet a blue Aegean bay.  
There, in the springtime of the world,  
Are dancing fauns, and in their van,  
Is one who pipes a deathless tone—  
The earth-born and the urban Pan.

And so he follows down the block,  
A troop of children in his train,  
The light-foot dancers of the street  
Enamored of the reedy strain.  
I hear their laughter rise and ring  
Above the noise of truck and van,  
As down the mellow wind fades out  
The piping of the urban Pan.

#### THE SAILING OF THE FLEETS.

NOW the spring is in the town,  
Now the wind is in the tree,  
And the wintered keels go down  
To the calling of the sea.



Out from mooring, dock, and slip,  
Through the harbor buoys they glide,  
Drawing seaward till they dip  
To the swirling of the tide.

*The Sail-  
ing of the  
Fleets.*

One by one and two by two,  
Down the channel turns they go,  
Steering for the open blue  
Where the salty great airs blow;

Craft of many a build and trim,  
Every stitch of sail unfurled,  
Till they hang upon the rim  
Of the azure ocean world.

Who has ever, man or boy,  
Seen the sea all flecked with gold,  
And not longed to go with joy  
Forth upon adventures bold?

Who could bear to stay indoor,  
Now the wind is in the street,  
For the creaking of the oar  
And the tugging of the sheet!

Now the spring is in the town,  
Who would not a rover be,  
When the wintered keels go down  
To the calling of the sea?

## THE LAST DAY AT STORMFIELD.

AT Redding, Connecticut,  
The April sunrise pours  
Over the hardwood ridges  
Softening and greening now  
In the first magic of spring.

The wild cherry trees are in bloom,  
The bloodroot is white underfoot,  
The serene early light flows on,  
Touching with glory the world,  
And flooding the large upper room  
Where a sick man sleeps.  
Slowly he opens his eyes,  
After long weariness, smiles,  
And stretches his arms overhead,  
While those about him take heart.

With his awakening strength  
(Morning and spring in the air,  
The strong clean scents of earth,  
The call of the golden-shaft  
Ringing across the hills),  
He takes up his heartening book,  
Opens the volume and reads, —  
A page of old rugged Carlyle,  
The dour philosopher  
Who looked askance upon life,  
Lurid, ironical, grim,  
Yet sound at the core.

But weariness returns ;  
He lays the book aside  
With his glasses upon the bed,

And gladly sleeps. Sleep,  
Blessed abundant sleep,  
Is all that he needs.

*The Last  
Day at  
Stormfield.*

And when the close of day  
Reddens upon the hills  
And washes the room with rose,  
In the twilight hush  
The Summoner comes to him  
Ever so gently, unseen,  
Touches him on the shoulder ;  
And with the departing sun  
Our great funning friend is gone.

How he has made us laugh !  
A whole generation of men  
Smiled in the joy of his wit.  
But who knows whether he was not  
Like those deep jesters of old  
Who dwelt at the courts of kings,  
Arthur's, Pendragon's, Lear's,  
Plying the wise fool's trade,  
Making men merry at will,  
Hiding their deeper thoughts  
Under a motley array, —  
Keen-eyed, serious men,  
Watching the sorry world,  
The gaudy pageant of life,  
With pity and wisdom and love

Fearless, extravagant, wild,  
His caustic merciless mirth  
Was leveled at pompous shams.  
Doubt not behind that mask  
There dwelt the soul of a man,

*The Last* Resolute, sorrowing, sage,  
*Day at* As sure a champion of good  
*Stormfield.* As ever rode forth to fray.

Haply — who knows ? — somewhere  
In Avalon, Isle of Dreams,  
In vast contentment at last,  
With every grief done away,  
While Chaucer and Shakespeare wait,  
And Molière hangs on his words,  
And Cervantes not far off  
Listens and smiles apart,  
With that incomparable drawl  
He is jesting with Dagonet now.

#### THE SHIPS OF YULE.

WHEN I was just a little boy,  
Before I went to school,  
I had a fleet of forty sail  
I called the Ships of Yule ;

Of every rig, from rakish brig  
And gallant barkentine,  
To little Fundy fishing boats  
With gunwales painted green.

They used to go on trading trips  
Around the world for me,  
For though I had to stay on shore  
My heart was on the sea.

They stopped at every port of call  
From Babylon to Rome,  
To load with all the lovely things  
We never had at home ;

*The Ships  
of Yule.*

With elephants and ivory  
Bought from the King of Tyre,  
And shells and silk and sandal-wood  
That sailor men admire ;

With figs and dates from Samarcand,  
And squatty ginger-jars,  
And scented silver amulets  
From Indian bazaars ;

With sugar-cane from Port of Spain,  
And monkeys from Ceylon,  
And paper lanterns from Pekin  
With painted dragons on ;

With cocoanuts from Zanzibar,  
And pines from Singapore ;  
And when they had unloaded these  
They could go back for more.

And even after I was big  
And had to go to school,  
My mind was often far away  
Aboard the Ships of Yule.

IN ST. GERMAIN STREET.

THROUGH the street of St. Germain  
March the tattered hosts of rain,

While the wind with vagrant fife  
Whips their chilly ranks to life.

From the window I can see  
Their ghostly banners blowing free,

As they pass to where the ships  
Crowd about the wharves and slips.

There at day's end they embark  
To invade the realms of dark,

And the sun comes out again  
In the street of St. Germain.

IN ST. CECILIA STREET.

EACH morning when I hear the chimes  
Of heavenly St. Cecilia's ringing,  
I think if I get up betimes  
I, too, might hear the angels singing.

Then up I jump, with such a start  
That I am dressed before I know it,  
And such a gladness in my heart,  
I'm sure all day my face must show it.



'SCONSET. ✓

DID you ever hear of 'Sconset, where there's  
nothing much but moors,  
And beach and sea and silence and eternal out-  
of-doors —

Where the azure round of ocean meets the paler  
dome of day,

Where the sailing clouds of summer on the sea-  
line melt away,

And there's not an ounce of trouble  
Anywhere?

Where the field-larks in the morning will be cry-  
ing at the door,

With the whisper of the moor-wind and the surf  
along the shore ;

Where the little shingled houses down the little  
grassy street

Are gray with salt of sea-winds, and the strong  
sea-air is sweet

With the flowers in their door-yards ;  
Me for there !

THE PATH TO SANKOTY.

IT winds along the headlands  
Above the open sea —  
The lonely moorland footpath  
That leads to Sankoty.

The crooning sea spreads sailless  
And gray to the world's rim,  
Where hang the reeking fog-banks  
Primordial and dim.

*The Path  
to Sankoty.*

There fret the ceaseless currents,  
And the eternal tide  
Chafes over hidden shallows  
Where the white horses ride.

The wistful fragrant moorlands  
Whose smile bids panic cease,  
Lie treeless and cloud-shadowed  
In grave and lonely peace.

Across their flowering bosom,  
From the far end of day  
Blow clean the great soft moor-winds  
All sweet with rose and bay.

A world as large and simple  
As first emerged for man,  
Cleared for the human drama,  
Before the play began.

O well the soul must treasure  
The calm that sets it free —  
The vast and tender skyline,  
The sea-turn's wizardry,

Solace of swaying grasses,  
The friendship of sweet-fern —  
And in the world's confusion  
Remembering, must yearn

To tread the moorland footpath  
That leads to Sankoty,  
Hearing the field-larks shrilling  
Beside the sailless sea.

## THE CRY OF THE HILLBORN.

I AM homesick for the mountains —  
My heroic mother hills —  
And the longing that is on me  
No solace ever stills.

I would climb to brooding summits  
With their old untarnished dreams,  
Cool my heart in forest shadows  
To the lull of falling streams ;

Hear the innocence of aspens  
That babble in the breeze,  
And the fragrant sudden showers  
That patter on the trees.

I am lonely for my thrushes  
In their hermitage withdrawn,  
Toning the quiet transports  
Of twilight and of dawn.

I need the pure, strong mornings,  
When the soul of day is still,  
With the touch of frost that kindles  
The scarlet on the hill ;

Lone trails and winding woodroads  
To outlooks wild and high,  
And the pale moon waiting sundown  
Where ledges cut the sky.

I dream of upland clearings  
Where cones of sumac burn,  
And gaunt and gray-mossed boulders  
Lie deep in beds of fern ;

*The Cry of  
the Hill-  
born.* The gray and mottled beeches,  
The birches' satin sheen,  
The majesty of hemlocks  
Crowning the blue ravine.

My eyes dim for the skyline  
Where purple peaks aspire,  
And the forges of the sunset  
Flare up in golden fire.

There crests look down unheeding  
And see the great winds blow,  
Tossing the huddled tree-tops  
In gorges far below;

Where cloud-mists from the warm earth  
Roll up about their knees,  
And hang their filmy tatters  
Like prayers upon the trees.

I cry for night-blue shadows  
On plain and hill and dome, —  
The spell of old enchantments,  
The sorcery of home.

#### MORNING IN THE HILLS.

HOW quiet is the morning in the hills!  
The stealthy shadows of the summer clouds  
Trail through the cañon, and the mountain stream  
Sounds his sonorous music far below  
In the deep-wooded wind-enchanted clove.

Hemlock and aspen, chestnut, beech, and fir *Morning in  
the Hills.*  
Go tiering down from storm-worn crest and ledge,  
While in the hollows of the dark ravine  
See the red road emerge, then disappear  
Towards the wide plain and fertile valley lands.

My forest cabin half-way up the glen  
Is solitary, save for one wise thrush,  
The sound of falling water, and the wind  
Mysteriously conversing with the leaves.

Here I abide unvisited by doubt,  
Dreaming of far-off turmoil and despair,  
The race of men and love and fleeting time,  
What life may be, or beauty, caught and held  
For a brief moment at eternal poise.

What impulse now shall quicken and make live  
This outward semblance and this inward self?  
One breath of being fills the bubble world,  
Colored and frail, with fleeting change on change.

Surely some God contrived so fair a thing  
In the vast leisure of uncounted days,  
And touched it with the breath of living joy,  
Wondrous and fair and wise! It must be so.

#### PAN IN THE CATSKILLS.

THEY say that he is dead, and now no more  
The reedy syrinx sounds among the hills,  
When the long summer heat is on the land.  
But I have heard the Catskill thrushes sing,  
And therefore am incredulous of death,  
Of pain and sorrow and mortality.

*Pan in the  
Catskills.*

In those blue cañons, deep with hemlock shade,  
In solitudes of twilight or of dawn,  
I have been rapt away from time and care  
By the enchantment of a golden strain  
As pure as ever pierced the Thracian wild,  
Filling the listener with a mute surmise.

At evening and at morning I have gone  
Down the cool trail between the beech-tree boles,  
And heard the haunting music of the wood  
Ring through the silence of the dark ravine,  
Flooding the earth with beauty and with joy  
And all the ardors of creation old.

And then within my pagan heart awoke  
Remembrance of far-off and fabled years  
In the untarnished sunrise of the world,  
When clear-eyed Hellas in her rapture heard  
A slow mysterious piping wild and keen  
Thrill through her vales, and whispered, "It is  
Pan!"

#### THE DREAMERS.

CHARLEMAGNE with knight and lord,  
In the hill at Ingelheim,  
Slumbers at the council board,  
Seated waiting for the time.

With their swords across their knees  
In that chamber dimly lit,  
Chin on breast like effigies  
Of the dreaming gods, they sit.



Long ago they went to sleep,  
While great wars above them hurled,  
Taking counsel how to keep  
Giant evil from the world.

*The  
Dreamers.*

Golden-armored, iron-crowned,  
There in silence they await  
The last war, — in war renowned,  
Done with doubting and debate.

What is all our clamor for ?  
Petty virtue, puny crime,  
Beat in vain against the door  
Of the hill at Ingelheim.

When at last shall dawn the day  
For the saving of the world,  
They will forth in war array,  
Iron-armored, golden-curled.

In the hill at Ingelheim,  
Still, they say, the Emperor,  
Like a warrior in his prime,  
Waits the message at the door.

Shall the long enduring fight  
Break above our heads in vain,  
Plunged in lethargy and night,  
Like the men of Charlemagne ?

Comrades, through the Council Hall  
Of the heart, inert and dumb,  
Hear ye not the summoning call,  
“ Up, my lords, the hour is come ! ”

THE COUNCILLORS. (CONNECTICUT VALLEY.)

IN the purple heat haze  
Of long midsummer days  
Lay the range, peak on peak,  
Till one thought, "Could they speak,  
Those old ones who heard  
The first life-bringing word!"

With the primal unrest  
Locked away in their breast,  
Unperturbed they await  
The fulfilment of fate,  
Seated there on the plain,  
Like King Charlemagne  
And his heroes who keep  
The long council of sleep,  
Until need and the hour  
Shall recall them to power.

Once an age the King wakes.  
"Is it time?" his voice breaks  
The silence. "Nay, Sire."  
Then the echoes retire,  
And sleep falls again  
Gray and softer than rain.

Thus Mount Holyoke  
Overheard, as he woke,  
The yearn and the sigh,  
Between Low and High, —

Toby speaking to Tom,  
"Thy distance of blue  
I can hardly see through,  
Proclaims the old story

Of possible glory,  
The entrancement of rapture  
Our utmost may capture,  
Adventuring still  
Led by vision and will, —  
Thou truth's Chrysostom!  
Thy beauty and glamor  
Above the world's clamor  
Are aglow with a thought  
Urgent, mystic, untaught,  
Neither Christian nor Rom,  
Of escape and of flight  
To the spirit's lone height,  
Beyond the last verge  
Of soul's strife and surge,  
The dominion past dream,  
Where accord is supreme.  
Undespairing and bold,  
Through what cycles untold  
Of calm, storm, sun and rain,  
Soared thy life to attain  
Its transcendence serene, —  
That victorious mien  
Over travail's maelstrom!"

Then Tom said to Toby,  
"In the farness divine  
Each hue, every line,  
Must inblend and suspire  
With the tone of desire,  
Till all flaws be recast  
To perfection at last.  
Whether lofty or low be  
Thy measure, what matters?  
When blinding noon scatters,

*The  
Councillors.*

And soul grows aware  
Of a soul through the glare,  
Convinced there must so be  
A reach and a lift  
Through the dusk's purple rift,  
To the large, fair, and new  
Where ideals come true,  
With no doubt of the end,  
Let heart hold its trend.  
Shall Potumcook disdain  
The deep corn-bearing plain,  
Through the slow-plowing years?  
Thou art crowned with thy peers,  
When over thy crest  
The great sun from the West  
Bids the glory and glow be."

Then said Holyoke,  
"It is well that you spoke.  
Low and High are as one,  
When soul's service is done!"

Peak on peak lay the range,  
With no word to exchange,  
Not a hint to break through  
That soft stillness of blue, —  
All as silent as when  
God first whispered to men.

There like the great king  
With his captains a-ring,  
These councillors sleep.  
Untroubled and deep  
Is their rest. They abide  
Heat and cold, time and tide;

Their supreme heritage,  
To grow lovely with age.  
How could they but dream true,  
With their heads in the blue,  
And their feet in the flow  
Of the river where go  
Mirrored stories of time?  
While the world, out of chime  
And unheeding, goes by,  
They translate earth and sky,  
These old mystics. Ah, theirs  
Are eternal affairs!

*The  
Councillors.*

A CONUNDRUM.

I AM Greek in the morning  
And Gothic at night;  
I change without warning  
From grief to delight.

I'm grim in November,  
I'm gaudy in June,  
As warm as an ember,  
As cold as the moon.

I'm sober on Sunday,  
On Monday I'm blue;  
But what I do one day  
I don't always do.

I'm Western in bearing,  
And Eastern in breed,  
The Occident's daring,  
The Orient's creed.

*A Conun-  
drum.* I camp or I travel,  
I triumph or fail,  
And who shall unravel  
The loops of my trail?

The dust of the desert,  
The wind of the sea,  
The spray of the river  
Are mingled in me.

I run the whole gamut  
From heaven to hell,  
And when I don't damn it,  
I say it is well.

#### APOLOGIA.

CALL him a son of fantastical fortune,  
With songs of elation and sighs of despair;  
Say he was careless, impatient, and moody,  
Fickle as water and wilful as air;

Say he would idle, procrastinate, dally,  
Spend golden days without doing a thing,  
Plan while his fellows made much of the present,  
Smile as the opportune hour took wing;

Aware of ambition, perfection, and power,  
Yet willing to loiter and let the world be;  
Say there was never a reed in the river  
More ready to bend to the current than he;

Say he could never refuse a companion  
Bidding him in from the street to the bar,  
Never resist the enchantment of pleasure —  
Joy was his captain and beauty his star ;

*Apologia.*

Call him a ne'er-do-well, harlequin, dreamer,  
Flash of the rocket and froth of the sea ;  
Say his whole life was a waste of endeavor —  
Never a moment unloving of thee !

Revel of April, or ravage of winter,  
What cares the mountain, broad based as the  
world ?  
Are the deeps of the ocean disturbed by the  
turmoil,  
When tempests are loosed and tornadoes  
unfurled ?

Nay, is the mighty sun darkened in heaven  
Every time earth must revolve into night ?  
Do the stars wheel to a faltering measure ?  
Shall not the morning return to the height ?

So, thou dear heart, beyond folly or failure,  
Undimmed by distraction, by doubt undismayed,  
The soul of a man with the calm of an angel  
Abides in the heaven thy friendship has made.

A COLOPHON.

WHEN all my writing has been done  
Except the final colophon,

*A Colo-  
phon.*

And I must bid beloved verse  
Farewell for better or for worse,

Let me not linger o'er the page  
In doubting and regretful age ;

But as an unknown scribe in some  
Monastic dim scriptorium,

When twilight on his labor fell  
At the glad-heard refection bell,

Might add poor Body's thanks to be  
From spiritual toils set free,

Let me conclude with hearty zest, —  
*Laus Deo! Nunc bibendum est!*

#### ON THE PLAZA.

ONE August day I sat beside  
A café window open wide  
To let the shower-freshened air  
Blow in across the Plaza, where  
In golden pomp against the dark  
Green leafy background of the Park,  
St. Gaudens' hero, gaunt and grim,  
Rides on with Victory leading him.

The wet, black asphalt seemed to hold  
In every hollow pools of gold,  
And clouds of gold and pink and gray  
Were piled up at the end of day,



Far down the cross street, where one tower  
Still glistened from the drenching shower.

*On the  
Plaza.*

A weary white-haired man went by,  
Cooling his forehead gratefully  
After the day's great heat. A girl,  
Her thin white garments in a swirl  
Blown back against her breasts and knees,  
Like a Winged Victory in the breeze,  
Alive and modern and superb,  
Crossed from the circle to the curb.

We sat there watching people pass,  
Clinking the ice against the glass  
And talking idly — books or art,  
Or something equally apart  
From the essential stress and strife  
That rudely form and further life,  
Glad of a respite from the heat,  
When down the middle of the street,  
Trundling a hurdy-gurdy, gay  
In spite of the dull-stifling day,  
Three street-musicians came. The man,  
With hair and beard as black as Pan,  
Strolled on one side with lordly grace,  
While a young girl tugged at a trace  
Upon the other. And between  
The shafts there walked a laughing queen,  
Bright as a poppy, strong and free.  
What likelier land than Italy  
Breeds such abandon? Confident  
And rapturous in mere living spent  
Each moment to the utmost, there  
With broad, deep chest and kerchiefed hair,

*On the  
Plaza.*

With head thrown back, bare throat, and waist  
Supple, heroic and free-laced,  
Between her two companions walked  
This splendid woman, chaffed and talked,  
Did half the work, made all the cheer  
Of that small company.

No fear  
Of failure in a soul like hers  
That every moment throbs and stirs  
With merry ardor, virile hope,  
Brave effort, nor in all its scope  
Has room for thought or discontent,  
Each day its own sufficient vent  
And source of happiness.

Without  
A trace of bitterness or doubt  
Of life's true worth, she strode at ease  
Before those empty palaces,  
A simple heiress of the earth  
And all its joys by happy birth,  
Beneficent as breeze or dew,  
And fresh as though the world were new  
And toil and grief were not. How rare  
A personality was there!

#### DUST OF THE STREET.

THIS cosmic dust beneath our feet  
Rising to hurry down the street,

Borne by the wind and blown astray  
In its erratic senseless way,

Is the same stuff as you and I —  
With knowledge and desire put by.

*Dust of the  
Street.*

Thousands of times since time began  
It has been used for making man,

Freighted like us with every sense  
Of spirit and intelligence,

To walk the world and know the fine  
Large consciousness of things divine.

These wandering atoms in their day  
Perhaps have passed this very way,

With eager step and flowerlike face,  
With lovely ardor, poise, and grace,

On what delightful errands bent,  
Passionate, generous, and intent, —

An angel still, though veiled and gloved,  
Made to love us and to be loved.

Friends, when the summons comes for me  
To turn my back (reluctantly)

On this delightful play, I claim  
Only one thing in friendship's name;

And you will not decline a task  
So slight, when it is all I ask :

Scatter my ashes in the street  
Where avenue and crossway meet.

*Dust of  
the Street.* I beg you of your charity,  
No granite and cement for me,

To needlessly perpetuate  
An unimportant name and date.

Others may wish to lay them down  
On some fair hillside far from town,

Where slim white birches wave and gleam  
Beside a shadowy woodland stream,

Or in luxurious beds of fern,  
But I would have my dust return

To the one place it loved the best  
In days when it was happiest.

BRONSON HOWARD.

OTHERS must praise him for the plays he  
wrote,  
Or criticise him in perfunctory mode.  
I only know our peerless friend is gone,  
Leaving for us an emptier world where once  
This gentlest of all gentle men abode.

Let us not wrong so genuine a soul —  
So modest after all his honored years —  
With high-flown eulogy and sounding phrase.  
It is enough that loss of him must reach  
To the profound sincerity of tears.

Many will see him still with dog and pipe  
Strolling through little 'Sconset by the sea,  
Among the happy bathers on the beach,  
Watching the sunset on the purple moors,  
Or on the way to lonely Sankoty.

*Bronson  
Howard.*

The courtly welcome from his cabin door,  
Far from the mainland on his isle of dreams,  
Must hold its spell forever in our hearts,  
To shame ungenerous credence or offense  
With faith in simple kindness and high themes.

When last I saw him it was at his ease  
On the wide lounge before the blazing fire —  
The hospitable hearthstone of The Players.  
So free of spirit, so fine, and so humane,  
Kindly to judge and kindling to inspire !

Dear Bronson Howard ! Could mortal ever live  
More loyally for loveliness and right ?  
We shall not find him now by hearth nor shore,  
But all life long love must recall his smile —  
Immortal friend of sweetness and of light.

TO A FRIEND. WITH A COPY OF THE LAST  
SONGS FROM VAGABONDIA.

DEAR friend, our comrade who left here  
His beautiful unfinished songs,  
With Shelley and the sons of light  
To the majestic past belongs.

*To a  
Friend.*

By winter fire, by summer sun,  
We shall not have him any more.  
That courtly leisure, that slow smile,  
Have found new countries to explore.

He cannot lift you hand nor voice,  
In the old way to let you know  
He loves you and would have you glad  
He uses mine to tell you so.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTHDAY.

THE marching years go by  
And brush your garment's hem.  
The bandits by and by  
Will bid you go with them.

Trust not that caravan !  
Old vagabonds are they ;  
They'll rob you if they can,  
And make believe it's play.

Make the old robbers give  
Of all the spoils they bear, —  
Their truth, to help you live, —  
Their joy, to keep you fair.

Ask not for gauds nor gold,  
Nor fame that falsely rings ;  
The foolish world grows old  
Caring for all these things.

Make all your sweet demands  
For happiness alone,  
And the years will fill your hands  
With treasures rarely known.

*To a Young  
Lady on  
her Birth-  
day.*

#### THE ANGEL OF JOY.

THERE is no grief for me  
Nor sadness any more;  
For since I first knew thee  
Great Joy has kept my door.

That angel of the calm  
All-comprehending smile,  
No menace can dismay,  
No falsity beguile.

Out of the house of life  
Before him fled away  
Languor, regret, and strife  
And sorrow on that day.

Grim fear, unmanly doubt,  
And impotent despair  
Went at his bidding forth  
Among the things that were, —

Leaving a place all clean,  
Resounding of the sea  
And decked with forest green,  
To be a home for thee.

A LYRIC.

O H, once I could not understand  
The sob within the throat of spring, —  
The shrilling of the frogs, nor why  
The birds so passionately sing.

That was before your beauty came  
And stooped to teach my soul desire,  
When on these mortal lips you laid  
The magic and immortal fire.

I wondered why the sea should seem  
So gray, so lonely, and so old ;  
The sigh of level-driving snows  
In winter so forlornly cold.

I wondered what it was could give  
The scarlet autumn pomps their pride,  
And paint with colors not of earth  
The glory of the mountainside.

I could not tell why youth should dream  
And worship at the evening star,  
And yet must go with eager feet  
Where danger and where splendor are.

I could not guess why men at times,  
Beholding beauty, should go mad  
With joy or sorrow or despair  
Or some unknown delight they had.

I wondered what they would receive  
From Time's inexorable hand  
So full of loveliness and doom.  
But now, ah, now I understand !



A WOOD-PATH.

AT evening and at morning  
By an enchanted way  
I walk the world in wonder,  
And have no word to say.

It is the path we traversed  
One twilight, thou and I;  
Thy beauty all a rapture,  
My spirit all a cry.

The red leaves fall upon it,  
The moon and mist and rain,  
But not the magic footfall  
That made its meaning plain.

NIKE.

WHAT do men give thanks for?  
I give thanks for one,  
Lovelier than morning,  
Dearer than the sun.

Such a head the victors  
Must have praised and known,  
With that breast and bearing,  
Nike's very own —

As superb, untrammelled,  
Rhythmed and poised and free  
As the strong pure sea-wind  
Walking on the sea;

*Nike.*

Such a hand as Beauty  
Uses with full heart,  
Seeking for her freedom  
In new shapes of art ;

Soft as rain in April,  
Quiet as the days  
Of the purple asters  
And the autumn haze ;

With a soul more subtle  
Than the light of stars,  
Frailer than a moth's wing  
To the touch that mars ;

Wise with all the silence  
Of the waiting hills,  
When the gracious twilight  
Wakes in them and thrills ;

With a voice more tender  
Than the early moon  
Hears among the thrushes  
In the woods of June ;

Delicate as grasses  
When they lift and stir —  
One sweet lyric woman —  
I give thanks for her.

BY STILL WATERS. "HE LEADETH ME BESIDE THE STILL WATERS; HE RESTORETH MY SOUL."

MY tent stands in a garden  
Of aster and goldenrod,  
Tilled by the rain and the sunshine,  
And sown by the hand of God, —  
An old New England pasture  
Abandoned to peace and time,  
And by the magic of beauty  
Reclaimed to the sublime.

About it are golden woodlands  
Of tulip and hickory;  
On the open ridge behind it  
You may mount to a glimpse of sea, —  
The far-off, blue, Homeric  
Rim of the world's great shield,  
A border of boundless glamor  
For the soul's familiar field.

In purple and gray-wrought lichen  
The boulders lie in the sun;  
Along its grassy footpath  
The white-tailed rabbits run.  
The crickets work and chirrup  
Through the still afternoon;  
And the owl calls from the hillside  
Under the frosty moon.

The odorous wild grape clambers  
Over the tumbling wall,  
And through the autumnal quiet  
The chestnuts open and fall.  
Sharing time's freshness and fragrance,

*By Still  
Waters.*

Part of the earth's great soul,  
Here man's spirit may ripen  
To wisdom serene and whole.

Shall we not grow with the asters —  
Never reluctant nor sad,  
Not counting the cost of being,  
Living to dare and be glad?  
Shall we not lift with the crickets  
A chorus of ready cheer,  
Braving the frost of oblivion,  
Quick to be happy here?

Is my will as sweet as the wild grape,  
Spreading delight on the air  
For the passer-by's enchantment,  
Subtle and unaware?  
Have I as brave a spirit,  
Sprung from the self-same mould,  
As this weed from its own contentment  
Lifting its shaft of gold?

The deep red cones of the sumach  
And the woodbine's crimson's sprays  
Have bannered the common roadside  
For the pageant of passing days.  
These are the oracles Nature  
Fills with her holy breath,  
Giving them glory of color,  
Transcending the shadow of death.

Here in the sifted sunlight  
A spirit seems to brood  
On the beauty and worth of being,  
In tranquil, instinctive mood;

And the heart, filled full of gladness  
Such as the wise earth knows,  
Wells with a full thanksgiving  
For the gifts that life bestows :

*By Still  
Waters.*

For the ancient and virile nurture  
Of the teeming primordial ground,  
For the splendid gospel of color,  
The rapt revelations of sound;  
For the morning-blue above us  
And the rusted gold of the fern,  
For the chickadee's call to valor  
Bidding the faint-heart turn ;

For fire and running water,  
Snowfall and summer rain ;  
For sunsets and quiet meadows,  
The fruit and the standing grain ;  
For the solemn hour of moonrise  
Over the crest of trees,  
When the mellow lights are kindled  
In the lamps of the centuries ;

For those who wrought aforetime,  
Led by the mystic strain  
To strive for the larger freedom,  
And live for the greater gain ;  
For plenty and peace and playtime,  
The homely goods of earth,  
And for rare immaterial treasures  
Accounted of little worth ;

For art and learning and friendship,  
Where beneficent truth is supreme, —  
Those everlasting cities  
Built on the hills of dream ;

*By Still  
Waters.*

For all things growing and goodly  
That foster this life, and breed  
The immortal flower of wisdom  
Out of the mortal seed.

But most of all for the spirit  
That cannot rest nor bide  
In stale and sterile convenience,  
Nor safely proven and tried,  
But still inspired and driven,  
Must seek what better may be,  
And up from the loveliest garden  
Must climb for a glimpse of sea.

#### TE DEUM.

IF I could paint you the autumn color, the melt-  
ing glow upon all things laid,  
The violet haze of Indian summer, before its splen-  
dor begins to fade,  
When scarlet has reached its breathless moment,  
and gold the hush of its glory now,  
That were a mightier craft than Titian's, the heart  
to lift and the head to bow.

I should be lord of a world of rapture, master of  
of magic and gladness, too, —  
The touch of wonder transcending science, the  
solace escaping from line and hue ;  
I would reveal through tint and texture the very  
soul of this earth of ours,  
Forever yearning through boundless beauty to  
exalt the spirit with all her powers.

See where it lies by the lake this morning, our au- *Te Deum.*  
tumn hillside of hardwood trees,  
A masterpiece of the mighty painter who works in  
the primal mysteries.  
A living tapestry, rich and glowing with blended  
marvels, vermillion and dun,  
Hung out for the pageant of time that passes along  
an avenue of the sun!

The crown of the ash is tinged with purple, the  
hickory leaves are Etruscan gold,  
And the tulip-tree lifts yellow banners against the  
blue for a signal bold;  
The oaks in crimson cohorts stand, a myriad su-  
mack torches mass  
In festal pomp and victorious pride, when the  
vision of spring is brought to pass.

Down from the line of the shore's deep shadows  
another and softer picture lies,  
As if the soul of the lake in slumber should harbor  
a dream of paradise, —  
Passive and blurred and unsubstantial, lulling the  
sense and luring the mind  
With the spell of an empty fairy world, where  
sinew and sap are left behind.

So men dream of a far-off heaven of power and  
knowledge and endless joy,  
Asleep to the moment's fine elation, dull to the  
day's divine employ,  
Musing over a phantom image, born of fantastic  
hope and fear,  
Of the very happiness life engenders and earth  
provides — our privilege here.

*To Deum.* Dare we dispel a single transport, neglect the  
worth that is here and now,  
Yet dream of enjoying its shadowy semblance in  
the by-and-by somewhere, somehow?  
I heard the wind on the hillside whisper, "They ill  
prepare for a journey hence  
Who waste the senses and starve the spirit in a  
world all made for spirit and sense.

"Is the full stream fed from a stifled source, or  
the ripe fruit filled from a blighted flower?  
Are not the brook and the blossom greatedened  
through many a busy beatified hour?  
Not in the shadow but in the substance, plastic  
and potent at our command,  
Are all the wisdom and gladness of heart; this is  
the kingdom of heaven at hand."

So I will pass through the lovely world, and par-  
take of beauty to feed my soul.  
With earth my domain and growth my portion,  
how should I sue for a further dole?  
In the lift I feel of immortal rapture, in the flying  
glimpse I gain of truth,  
Released is the passion that sought perfection,  
assauged the ardor of dreamful youth.

The patience of time shall teach me courage, the  
strength of the sun shall lend me poise.  
I would give thanks for the autumn glory, for the  
teaching of earth and all her joys.  
Her fine fruition shall well suffice me; the air  
shall stir in my veins like wine;  
While the moment waits and the wonder deepens,  
my life shall merge with the life divine.



## ON BURIAL HILL.

WHILE the slow-filtered sorcery  
Of Indian summer lay  
Upon the golden-shadowed streets  
Of Concord yesterday,  
We climbed the rocky path that led  
Through hallowed air all still,  
Where Concord men first laid their dead  
To rest on Burial Hill.

Her sages and her poets lie  
In Sleepy Hollow ground;  
But here, unvisited, apart,  
Her good men unrenowned, —  
Those vanished folk who greatly did,  
Because they greatly planned.  
Here in the slanting mellow sun  
Their sinking headstones stand.

Close to the stone-walled village street  
It rises in deep shade, —  
This cherished place about whose base  
Their first homesteads were made.  
Here the first smoke rose from the hearth  
To cheer them, great of soul;  
And here for all the world to see  
They set their Liberty Pole.

O little, blessed, lonely plot  
Of our ancestral earth,  
What dreams are here as we draw near  
The dust that gave us birth!  
Out of the ancient mighty dark  
These Pilgrims not in vain  
Proclaimed the good they saw, then turned  
To dust and dreams again.

*On Burial  
Hill.*

O never say their dreams are dead,  
Since West and South and North  
They sent their breed to prove their creed  
In verity and worth.  
Across the conquered leagues that lie  
Beneath their dauntless will,  
From tent and shack the trails run back  
To the foot of Burial Hill.

Slowly we mount the wooded crest,  
And there in golden gloom  
Stands simple, square, and unadorned,  
Our grandsire's altar tomb.  
Upon its dark gray slated top  
The long inscription reads,  
In stately phrase his townsmen's praise  
Of his deserts and deeds.

Their "pastor of the Church of Christ,"  
They wish the world to feel  
The "luster" of his ministry,  
His "meekness" and his "zeal."  
I doubt not he deserved it all,  
And not a word of ill;  
For they were just, these men whose dust  
Lies here on Burial Hill.

Perhaps we wear the very guise  
And features that he wore,  
And with the look of his own eyes  
Behold his world once more.  
Would that his spirit too might live,  
While lives his goodly name,  
To move among the sons of men,  
"A minister of flame."

So might his magic gift of words,  
Not wholly passed away,  
Survive to be a sorcery  
In all men's hearts to-day,  
To plead no less for loveliness  
Than truth and goodness still.  
God rest you, sir, his minister,  
Asleep on Burial Hill!

*On Burial  
Hill.*

### THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST.

(A LITTLE BOY'S CHRISTMAS LESSON)

" *WHY* were the Wise Men three,  
Instead of five or seven?"

They had to match, you see,  
The archangels in Heaven.

God sent them, sure and swift,  
By his mysterious presage,  
To bear the threefold gift  
And take the threefold message.

Thus in their hands were seen  
The gold of purest Beauty,  
The myrrh of Truth all-clean,  
The frankincense of Duty.

And thus they bore away  
The loving heart's great treasure,  
And knowledge clear as day,  
To be our life's new measure.

*The Wise  
Men from  
the East.*

They went back to the East  
To spread the news of gladness.  
There one became a priest  
Of the new word to sadness ;

And one a workman, skilled  
Beyond the old earth's fashion ;  
And one a scholar, filled  
With learning's endless passion.

God sent them for a sign  
He would not change nor alter  
His good and fair design,  
However man may falter.

He meant that, as He chose  
His perfect plan and willed it,  
They stood in place of those  
Who elsewhere had fulfilled it ;

Whoso would mark and reach  
The height of man's election,  
Must still achieve and teach  
The triplicate perfection.

For since the world was made,  
One thing was needed ever,  
To keep man undismayed  
Through failure and endeavor —

A faultless trinity  
Of body, mind, and spirit,  
And each with its own three  
Strong angels to be near it ;

Strength to arise and go  
Wherever dawn is breaking,  
Poise like the tides that flow,  
Instinct for beauty-making ;

*The Wise  
Men from  
the East.*

Imagination bold  
To cross the mystic border,  
Reason to seek and hold,  
Judgment for law and order ;

Joy that makes all things well,  
Faith that is all-availing  
Each terror to dispel,  
And Love, ah, Love unfailing.

These are the flaming Nine  
Who walk the world unsleeping,  
Sent forth by the Divine  
With manhood in their keeping.

These are the seraphs strong  
His mighty soul had need of,  
When He would right the wrong  
And sorrow He took heed of.

And that, I think, is why  
The Wise Men knelt before Him,  
And put their kingdoms by  
To serve Him and adore Him ;

So that our Lord, unknown,  
Should not be unattended,  
When He was here alone  
And poor and unbefriended ;

*The Wise  
Men from  
the East.*

That still He might have three  
(Rather than five or seven)  
To stand in their degree,  
Like archangels in Heaven.

#### A WATER COLOR.

THERE 'S a picture in my room  
Lightens many an hour of gloom, —

Cheers me under fortune's frown  
And the drudgery of town.

Many and many a winter day  
When my soul sees all things gray,

Here is veritable June,  
Heart's content and spirit's boon.

It is scarce a hand-breadth wide,  
Not a span from side to side,

Yet it is an open door  
Looking back to joy once more,

Where the level marshes lie,  
A quiet journey of the eye,

And the unsubstantial blue  
Makes the fine illusion true.

So I forth and travel there  
In the blessed light and air,

Miles of green tranquillity  
Down the river to the sea.

*A Water  
Color.*

Here the sea-birds roam at will,  
And the sea-wind on the hill

Brings the hollow pebbly roar  
From the dim and rosy shore,

With the very scent and draft  
Of the old sea's mighty craft.

I am standing on the dunes,  
By some charm that must be June's,

When the magic of her hand  
Lays a sea-spell on the land.

And the old enchantment falls  
On the blue-gray orchard walls

And the purple high-top boles,  
While the orange orioles

Flame and whistle through the green  
Of that paradisal scene.

Strolling idly for an hour  
Where the elder is in flower,

I can hear the bob-white call  
Down beyond the pasture wall.

Musing in the scented heat,  
Where the bayberry is sweet,

*A Water  
Color.*

I can see the shadows run  
Up the cliff-side in the sun.

Or I cross the bridge and reach  
The mossers' houses on the beach,

Where the bathers on the sand  
Lie sea-freshened and sun-tanned.

Thus I pass the gates of time  
And the boundaries of clime,

Change the ugly man-made street  
For God's country green and sweet.

Fag of body, irk of mind,  
In a moment left behind,

Once more I possess my soul  
With the poise and self-control

Beauty gives the free of heart  
Through the sorcery of art.

EL DORADO.

THIS is the story  
Of Santo Domingo,  
The first established  
Permanent city  
Built in the New World.



Miguel Dias,  
A Spanish sailor  
In the fleet of Columbus,  
Fought with a captain,  
Wounded him, then in fear  
Fled from his punishment.

Ranging the wilds, he came  
On a secluded  
Indian village  
Of the peace-loving  
Comely Caguissas.  
There he found shelter,  
Food, fire, and hiding, —  
Welcome unstinted.

Over this tribe ruled —  
No cunning chieftain  
Grown gray in world-craft,  
But a young soft-eyed  
Girl, tender-hearted,  
Loving, and regal  
Only in beauty,  
With no suspicion  
Of the perfidious  
Merciless gold-lust  
Of the white sea-wolves, —  
Roving, rapacious,  
Conquerors, destroyers.  
Strongly the stranger  
Wooed with his foreign  
Manners, his Latin  
Fervor and graces ;  
Beat down her gentle  
Unreserved strangeness ;

*El Dorado.*    Made himself consort  
Of a young queen, all  
Loveliness, ardor,  
And generous devotion.  
Her world she gave him,  
Nothing denied him,  
All, all for love's sake  
Poured out before him, —  
Lived but to pleasure  
And worship her lover.

Such is the way  
Of free-hearted women,  
Radiant beings  
Who carry God's secret;  
All their seraphic  
Unworldly wisdom  
Spent without fearing  
Or calculation  
For the enrichment  
Of — whom, what, and wherefore?

Ask why the sun shines  
And is not measured,  
Ask why the rain falls  
Aeon by aeon,  
Ask why the wind comes  
Making the strong trees  
Blossom in springtime,  
Forever unwearied!  
Whoever earned these gifts,  
Air, sun, and water?  
Whoever earned his share  
In that unfathomed  
Full benediction,

Passing the old earth's  
Cunningest knowledge,  
Greater than all  
The ambition of ages,  
Light as a thistle-seed,  
Strong as a tide-run,  
Vast and mysterious  
As the night sky, —  
The love of woman ?

Not long did Miguel  
Dias abide content  
With his good fortune.  
Back to his voyaging  
Turned his desire,  
Restless once more to rove  
With boon companions,  
Filled with the covetous  
Thirst for adventure, —  
The white man's folly.

Then poor Zamcaca,  
In consternation  
Lest she lack merit  
Worthy to tether  
His wayward fancy,  
Knowing no way but love,  
Guileless, and sedulous  
Only to gladden,  
Quick and sweet-souled  
As another madonna,  
Gave him the secret  
Of her realm's treasure, —  
Raw gold unweighed,  
Stored wealth unimagined ;

*El Dorado.* Decked him with trappings  
Of that yellow peril ;  
And bade him go  
Bring his comrades to settle  
In her dominion.

Not long the Spaniards  
Stood on that bidding.  
Gold was their madness,  
Their Siren and Pandar.  
Trooping they followed  
Their friend the explorer,  
Greed-fevered ravagers  
Of all things goodly,  
Hot-foot to plunder  
The land of his love-dream.  
They swooped on that country,  
Founded their city,  
Made Miguel Dias  
Its first Alcalde. —  
Flattered and fooled him,  
Loud in false praises  
For the great wealth he had  
By his love's bounty.

Then the old story,  
Older than Adam, —  
Treachery, rapine,  
Ingratitude, bloodshed,  
Wrought by the strong man  
On unsuspecting  
And gentler brothers.  
The rabid Spaniard,  
Christian and ruthless  
(Like any modern

Magnate of Mammon),  
Harried that fearless,  
Light-hearted, trustful folk  
Under his booted heel.  
Tears (ah, a woman's tears, —  
The grief of angels, —)  
Fell from Zamcaca,  
Sorrowing, hopeless,  
Alone, for her people.

Sick from injustice,  
Distraught, and disheartened,  
Tortured by sight and sound  
Of wrong and ruin,  
When the kind, silent,  
Tropical moonlight,  
Lay on the city,  
In the dead hour  
When the soul trembles  
Within the portals  
Of its own province,  
While far away seem  
All deeds of daytime,  
She rose and wondered;  
Gazed on the sleeping  
Face of her loved one,  
Alien and cruel;  
Kissed her strange children,  
Longingly laying a hand  
In farewell on each,  
Crept to the door, and fled  
Back to the forest.

Only the deep heart  
Of the World-mother,

*El Dorado.* Brooding below the storms  
Of human madness,  
Can know what desolate  
Anguish possessed her.

Only the far mind  
Of the World-father,  
Seeing the mystic  
End and beginning,  
Knows why the pageant  
Is so betattered  
With mortal sorrow.

#### A PAINTER'S HOLIDAY.

WE painters sometimes strangely keep  
These holidays. When life runs deep  
And broad and strong, it comes to make  
Its own bright-colored almanack.  
Impulse and incident divine  
Must find their way through tone and line;  
The throb of color and the dream  
Of beauty, giving art its theme  
From dear life's daily miracle,  
Illume the artist's life as well.

A bird-note, or a turning leaf,  
The first white fall of snow, a brief  
Wild song from the Anthology,  
A smile, or a girl's kindling eye, —  
And there is worth enough for him  
To make the page of history dim.  
Who knows upon what day may come  
The touch of that delirium

Which lifts plain life to the divine,  
And teaches hand the magic line  
No cunning rule could ever reach,  
Where Soul's necessities find speech?  
None knows how rapture may arrive  
To be our helper, and survive  
Through our essay to help in turn  
All starving eager souls who yearn  
Lightward discouraged and distraught.  
Ah, once art's gleam of glory caught  
And treasured in the heart, how then  
We walk enchanted among men,  
And with the elder gods confer!  
So art is hope's interpreter,  
And with devotion must conspire  
To fan the eternal altar fire.  
Wherefore you find me here to-day,  
Not idling the good hours away,  
But picturing a magic hour  
With its replenishment of power.

*A Painter's  
Holiday.*

Conceive a bleak December day,  
The streets all mire, the sky all gray,  
And a poor painter trudging home  
Disconsolate, when what should come  
Across his vision, but a line  
On a bold-lettered play-house sign,  
*A Persian Sun Dance.*

In he turns.

A step, and there the desert burns  
Purple and splendid; molten gold  
The streamers of the dawn unfold,  
Amber and amethyst uphurled  
Above the far rim of the world;  
The long-held sound of temple bells  
Over the hot sand steals and swells;

*A Painter's Holiday.* A lazy tom-tom throbs and drones  
In barbarous maddening monotones ;  
While sandal incense blue and keen  
Hangs in the air. And then the scene  
Wakes, and out steps, by rhythm released,  
The sorcery of all the East,  
In rose and saffron gossamer, —  
A young light-hearted worshipper  
Who dances up the sun. She moves  
Like waking woodland flower that loves  
To greet the day. Her lithe brown curve  
Is like a sapling's sway and swerve  
Before the spring wind. Her dark hair  
Framing a face vivid and rare,  
Curled to her throat and then flew wild,  
Like shadows round a radiant child.  
The sunlight from her cymbals played  
About her dancing knees, and made  
A world of rose-lit ecstasy,  
Prophetic of the day to be.

Such mystic beauty might have shone  
In Sardis or in Babylon,  
To bring a Satrap to his doom  
Or touch some lad with glory's bloom.  
And now it wrought for me, with sheer  
Enchantment of the dying year,  
Its irresistible reprieve  
From joylessness on New Year's Eve.



## MIRAGE.

HERE hangs at last, you see, my row  
Of sketches, — all I have to show  
Of one enchanted summer spent  
In sweet laborious content,  
At little 'Sconset by the moors,  
With the sea thundering by its doors,  
Its grassy streets, and gardens gay  
With hollyhocks and salvia.

And here upon the easel yet,  
With the last brush of paint still wet,  
(Showing how inspiration toils),  
Is one where the white surf-line boils  
Along the sand, and the whole sea  
Lifts to the skyline, just to be  
The wondrous background from whose verge  
Of blue on blue there should emerge  
This miracle.

One day of days  
I strolled the silent path that strays  
Between the moorlands and the beach  
From Siasconset, till you reach  
Tom Nevers Head, the lone last land  
That fronts the ocean, lone and grand  
As when the Lord first bade it be  
For a surprise and mystery.  
A sailless sea, a cloudless sky,  
The level lonely moors, and I  
The only soul in all that vast  
Of color made intense to last !  
The small white sea-birds piping near ;  
The great soft moor-winds ; and the dear  
Bright sun that pales each crest to jade,  
Where gulls glint fishing unafraid.

Here man the godlike might have gone  
With his deep thought, on that wild dawn  
When the first sun came from the sea,  
Glowing and kindling the world to be,  
While time began and joy had birth,—  
No wilder sweeter spot on earth!

As I sat there and mused (the way  
We painters waste our time, you say!)  
On the sheer loneliness and strength  
Whence life must spring, there came at length  
Conviction of the helplessness  
Of earth alone to ban or bless.  
I saw the huge unhuman sea;  
I heard the drear monotony  
Of the waves beating on the shore  
With heedless, futile strife and roar,  
Without a meaning or an aim.  
And then a revelation came,  
In subtle, sudden, lovely guise,  
Like one of those soft mysteries  
Of Indian jugglers, who evoke  
A flower for you out of smoke.  
I knew sheer beauty without soul  
Could never be perfection's goal,  
Nor satisfy the seeking mind  
With all it longs for and must find  
One day. The lovely things that haunt  
Our senses with an aching want,  
And move our souls, are like the fair  
Lost garments of a soul somewhere.  
Nature is naught, if not the veil  
Of some great good that must prevail  
And break in joy, as woods of spring  
Break into song and blossoming.

But what makes that great goodness start  
Within ourselves? When leaps the heart  
With gladness, only then we know  
Why lovely Nature travails so, —  
Why art must persevere and pray  
In her incomparable way.  
In all the world the only worth  
Is human happiness; its dearth  
The darkest ill. Let joyance be,  
And there is God's sufficiency, —  
Such joy as only can abound  
Where the heart's comrade has been found.

That was my thought. And then the sea  
Broke in upon my revery  
With clamorous beauty, — the superb  
Eternal noun that takes no verb  
But love. The heaven of dove-like blue  
Bent o'er the azure, round and true  
As magic sphere of crystal glass,  
Where faith sees plain the pageant pass  
Of things unseen. So I beheld  
The sheer sky-arches domed and belled,  
As if the sea were the very floor  
Of heaven where walked the gods of yore  
In Plato's imagery, and I  
Uplifted saw their pomps go by.

The House of space and time grew tense  
As if with rapture's imminence,  
When truth should be at last made clear,  
And the great worth of life appear;  
While I, a worshipper at the shrine,  
For very longing grew divine,  
Borne upward on earth's ecstasy,  
And welcomed by the boundless sky.

*Mirage.* A mighty prescience seemed to brood  
Over that tenuous solitude  
Yearning for form, till it became  
Vivid as dream and live as flame,  
Through magic art could never match,  
The vision I have tried to catch, —  
All earth's delight and meaning grown  
A lyric presence loved and known.

How otherwise could time evolve  
Young courage, or the high resolve,  
Or gladness to assuage and bless  
The soul's austere great loneliness,  
Than by providing her somehow  
With sympathy of hand and brow,  
And bidding her at last go free,  
Companioned through eternity?

So there appeared before my eyes,  
In a beloved familiar guise,  
A vivid questing human face  
In profile, scanning heaven for grace,  
Up-gazing there against the blue  
With eyes that heaven itself shone through;  
The lips soft-parted, half in prayer,  
Half confident of kindness there;  
A brow like Plato's made for dream  
In some immortal Academe,  
And tender as a happy girl's;  
A full dark head of clustered curls  
Round as an emperor's, where meet  
Repose and ardor, strong and sweet,  
Distilling from a mind unmarred  
The glory of her rapt regard.

So eager Mary might have stood,  
In love's adoring attitude,  
And looked into the angel's eyes  
With faith and fearlessness, all wise  
In soul's unfaltering innocence,  
Sure in her woman's supersense  
Of things only the humble know.  
My vision looks forever so.

In other years when men shall say,  
"What was the painter's meaning, pray?  
Why all this vast of sea and space,  
Just to enframe a woman's face?"  
Here is the pertinent reply,  
"What better use for earth and sky?"

The great archangel passed that way  
Illuming life with mystic ray.  
Not Lippo's self nor Raphael  
Had lovelier realer things to tell  
Than I, beholding far away  
How all the melting rose and gray  
Upon the purple sea-line leaned  
About that head that intervened.

How real was she? Ah, my friend,  
In art the fact and fancy blend  
Past telling. All the painter's task  
Is with the glory. Need we ask  
The tulips breaking through the mould  
To their untarnished age of gold,  
Whence their ideals were derived  
That have so gloriously survived?  
Flowers and painters both must give  
The hint they have received, to live, —

*Mirage.* Spend without stint the joy and power  
That lurk in each propitious hour,—  
Yet leave the why untold — God's way.

My sketch is all I have to say.

### THE WINGED VICTORY.

THOU dear and most high Victory,  
Whose home is the unvanquished sea,  
Whose fluttering wind-blown garments keep  
The very freshness, fold, and sweep  
They wore upon the galley's prow,  
By what unwonted favor now  
Hast thou alighted in this place,  
Thou Victory of Samothrace?

O thou to whom in countless lands  
With eager hearts and striving hands  
Strong men in their last need have prayed,  
Greatly desiring, undismayed,  
And thou hast been across the fight  
Their consolation and their might,  
Withhold not now one dearer grace,  
Thou Victory of Samothrace!

Behold, we too must cry to thee,  
Who wage our strife with Destiny,  
And give for Beauty and for Truth  
Our love, our valor and our youth.  
Are there no honors for these things  
To match the pageantries of kings?  
Are we more laggard in the race  
Than those who fell at Samothrace?

Not only for the bow and sword,  
O Victory, be thy reward !  
The hands that work with paint and clay  
In Beauty's service, shall not they  
Also with mighty faith prevail ?  
Let hope not die, nor courage fail,  
But joy come with thee pace for pace,  
As once long since in Samothrace.

*The  
Winged  
Victory.*

Grant us the skill to shape the form  
And spread the color living-warm,  
(As they who wrought aforetime did),  
Where love and wisdom shall lie hid,  
In fair impassioned types, to sway  
The cohorts of the world to-day,  
In Truth's eternal cause, and trace  
Thy glory down from Samothrace.

With all the ease and splendid poise  
Of one who triumphs without noise,  
Wilt thou not teach us to attain  
Thy sense of power without strain,  
That we a little may possess  
Our souls with thy sure loveliness, —  
That calm the years cannot deface,  
Thou Victory of Samothrace ?

Then in the ancient ceaseless war  
With infamy, go thou before !  
Amid the shoutings and the drums  
Let it be learned that Beauty comes,  
Man's matchless Paladin to be,  
Whose rule shall make his spirit free  
As thine from all things mean or base,  
Thou Victory of Samothrace.

## TRIUMPHALIS.

SOUL, art thou sad again  
With the old sadness?  
Thou shalt be glad again  
With a new gladness,  
When April sun and rain  
Mount to the teeming brain  
With the earth madness.

When from the mould again,  
Spurning disaster,  
Spring shoots unfold again,  
Follow thou faster  
Out of the drear domain  
Of dark, defeat, and pain,  
Praising the Master.

Light for thy guide again,  
Ample and splendid;  
Love at thy side again,  
All doubting ended;  
(Ah, by the dragon slain,  
For nothing small or vain  
Michael contended !)

Thou shalt take heart again,  
No more despairing;  
Play thy great part again,  
Loving and caring.  
Hark, how the gold refrain  
Runs through the iron strain,  
Splendidly daring !

Thou shalt grow strong again,  
Confident, tender, —  
Battle with wrong again,



Be truth's defender, —  
Of the immortal train,  
Born to attempt, attain,  
Never surrender !

*Triumph-  
alis.*

#### THE ENCHANTED TRAVELLER.

WE travelled empty-handed  
With hearts all fear above,  
For we ate the bread of friendship,  
We drank the wine of love.

Through many a wondrous autumn,  
Through many a magic spring,  
We hailed the scarlet banners,  
We heard the blue-bird sing.

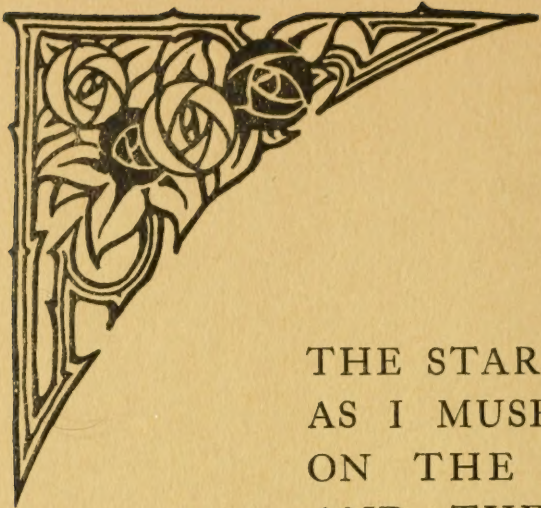
We looked on life and nature  
With the eager eyes of youth,  
And all we asked or cared for  
Was beauty, joy, and truth.

We found no other wisdom,  
We learned no other way,  
Than the gladness of the morning,  
The glory of the day.

So all our earthly treasure  
Shall go with us, my dears,  
Aboard the Shadow Liner,  
Across the sea of years.

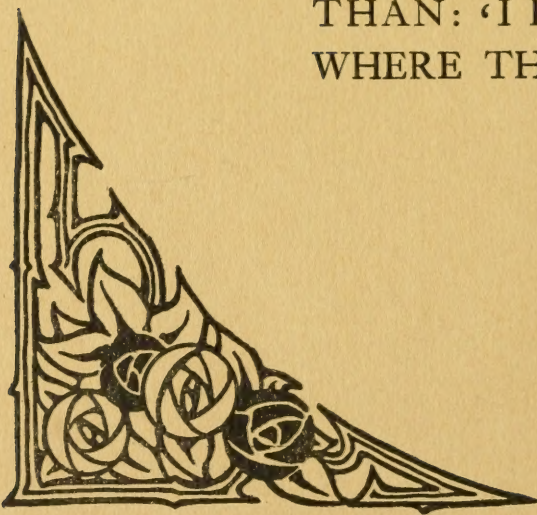


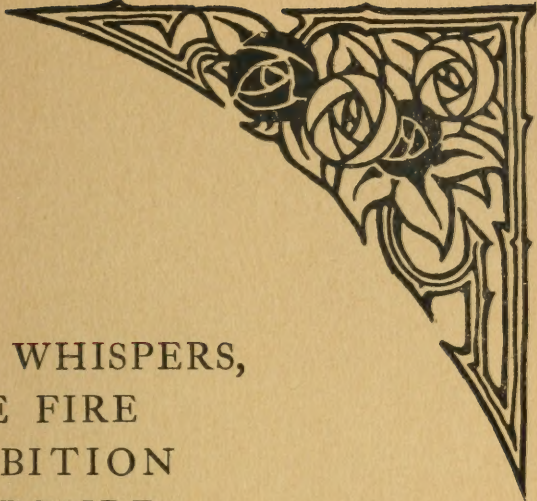

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THE STARRY MID-  
AS I MUSE BEFO-  
ON THE ASHES-  
AND THE EMBE-

“LIFE HAS NO OT-  
AND TIME NO-  
THAN: ‘I FOR JOY-  
WHERE THOU FOR-





-NIGHT WHISPERS,  
-RE THE FIRE  
-OF AMBITION  
-RS OF DESIRE,

-HER LOGIC,  
-OTHER CREED,  
-WILL FOLLOW,  
-LOVE DOST LEAD!’”

